

*Nym.* I shall haue my Noble?

*Pist.* In cash, most lustily payd.

*Nym.* Well, then that the humor of it.

*Enter Hostesse.*

*Host.* As euer you come of women, come in quickly to fir John: A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

*Nym.* The King hath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the euen of it.

*Pist.* *Nym.* thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fractured and corroborate.

*Nym.* The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may: he passes some humors, and carrectes.

*Pist.* Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we will liue.

*Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland.*

*Bed.* Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors *Exe.* They shall be apprehended by and by.

*West.* How smooth and euen they do bear themselves, As if allegiance in their bosomes fate

Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

*Bed.* The King hath note of all that they intend, By interception, which they dreame not of.

*Exe.* Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours; That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

*Sound Trumpets.*

*Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.*

*King.* Now sits the winde faire, and we will aboard. My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of *Masbam,* And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts: Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs Will cut their passage through the force of France? Doing the execution, and the acte, For which we haue in head assembled them.

*Scro.* No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best. *King.* I doubt not that, since we are well perswaded We carry not a heart with vs from hence, That growes not in a faire consent with ours: Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not with Successe and Conquest to attend on vs.

*Cam.* Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd, Then is your Maiesty; there's not I thinke a subiect That sits in heart-greefe and vneasinesse Vnder the sweet shade of your gouernment.

*King.* True: those that were your Fathers enemies, Haue steep'd their gauls in hony, and do serue you With hearts treate of duty, and of zeale.

*King.* We therefore haue great cause of thankfulness, And shall forget the office of our hand Sooner then quittance of desert and merit, According to the weight and worthinesse.

*Scro.* So seruite shall with steeld sinewes toyle, And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope To do your Grace incessant seruices.

*King.* We Iudge no lesse, Vnkle of *Exeter,* Inlarge the man committed yesterday, That rayl'd against our person: We consider It was excessiue of Wine, that set him on, And on his more aduice, We pardon him.

*Scro.* That's mercy, but too much security: Let him be punish'd Soueraigne, least example Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.

*King.* O let vs yet be mercifull.

*Cam.* So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too. *Gray.* Sir, you shew great mercy if you giue him life, After the taste of much correction.

*King.* Alas, your too much loue and care of me, Are heauy Orisons 'gainst this poore wretch: If little faults proceeding on distemper, Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested, Appear before vs? Wee'l yet inlarge that man, Though Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray, in their deere care, And tender preseruatiue of our person, Would haue him punish'd. And now to our French causes, Who are the late Commissioners?

*Cam.* I one my Lord, Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

*Scro.* So did you me my Liege.

*Gray.* And I my Royall Soueraigne.

*King.* Then Richard Earle of Cambridge, there is yours: There yours Lord Scroope of *Masbam,* and Sir Knight: *Gray* of Northumberland, this same is yours: Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse. My Lord of *Westmerland,* and Vnkle *Exeter,* We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen? What see you in those papers, that you looke So much complexion? Looke ye how they change: Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there, That haue so cowarded and chac'd your blood Out of apparance.

*Cam.* I do confesse my fault, And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.

*Gray.* *Scro.* To which we all appeale.

*King.* The mercy that was quicken'd vs but late, By your owne counsaile is suppress'd and kill'd: You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy, For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes, As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying you: See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres, These English monsters: My Lord of Cambridge heere, You know how apt our loue was, to accord To furnish with all appertinents Belonging to his Honour; and this man, Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd And sworne vnto the practises of France To kill vs heere in Hampton: To the which, This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to vs, Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne. But O, What shall I say to thee Lord Scroope, thou cruell, Ingratefull, sauage, and inhumane Creature?

Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsailes, That knew'st the very bottome of my soule, That (almost) might'st haue coyn'd me into Golde, Would'st thou haue practis'd on me, for thy vse? May it be possible, that forraigne hyer Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange, That though the truth of it stands off as grosse As blacke and white, my eye will scarcely see it.

Treason, and murder, euer kept together, As two yooke diuels sworne to eithers purpose, Working so grossely in an naturall cause, That admiration did not hopee at them. But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in Wonder to waite on treason, and on murder: And what fouler cunning fiend it was Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:

And other diuels that suggest by treasons, Do botch and bungle vp damnation, With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht From glist'ring semblances of piety: But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp, Gaue thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason, Vnlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor. If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus, Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world, He might returne to vastie Tartar backe, And tell the Legions, I can neuer win A soule so easie as that Englishmans.

Oh, how hast thou with ieaousie infected The sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull, Why so didst thou: seeme they graue and learned? Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family? Why so didst thou. Seeme they religious? Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet, Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger, Constant in spirit, not sweruing with the blood, Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement, Not working with the eye, without the eare, And but in purged iudgement trusting neither, Such and so finely boulded didst thou seeme: And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot, To make thee full fraught man, and best indued With some suspicion, I will weepe for thee.

For this reuel of thine, me thinkes is like Another fall of Man. Their faults are open, Arrest them to the answer of the Law, And God acquit them of their practises.

*Exe.* I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Richard Earle of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Thomas Lord Scroope of *Masbam.*

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Thomas Gray, Knight of Northumberland.

*Scro.* Our purposes, God iustly hath discover'd, And I repent my fault more then my death, Which I beseech your Highnesse to forgive, Although my body pay the price of it.

*Cam.* For me, the Gold of France did not seduce, Although I did admit it as a motive, The sooner to effect what I intended: But God be thanked for preuention, Which in sufferance heartily will reioyce, Beseeching God, and you, to pardon mee.

*Gray.* Neuer did faithfull subiect more reioyce At the discouery of most dangerous Treason, Then I do at this houre ioy ore my selfe, Preuented from a damnd enterprize: My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.

*King.* God quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence You haue conspir'd against Our Royall person, Ioy'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers, Recey'd the Golden Earneest of Our death: Wherein you would haue sold your King to slaughter, His Princes, and his Peeres to seruitude, His Subiects to oppresion, and contempt, And his whole Kingdome into defolation:

Touching our person, seeke we no reuenge, But we our Kingdome safety must so tender, Whose ruine you sought, that to her Lawes We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence, (Poore miserable wretches) to your death: The taste whereof, God of his mercy giue

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